igi

The weather is cold and rainy; I should leave Cuverville without regret if I were not leaving there Em. and some roses ready to open.

Although I was a rather chronic invalid, these three days spent with her were close enough to happiness.

Friday, 18

Returned to Paris last night.

Finished the Dostoyevsky in the train.

Today saw Charmoy; talked for a long time with a very real pleasure. Happy to see him working.

He claims to be subject, for some months now, to sudden blushings, so embarrassing in society that he no longer *dares* go out. Hence he is forced to live a hermit's life.

"They are/' he explains, "the blushes of someone who has just lied. What do you expect the person with whom I am talking and who sees me blush in this way to think of me? Recently I changed color in this way because of something Bartholome said to me, because of a question, and I felt so embarrassed that I didn't dare reply. I who just a few years ago had such nerve! The other day, at de Max's apartment, I blushed twice like that; everyone saw it. . . . But, would you believe it, I blush even when alone with my wife. Oh, it's hereditary; my father or my grandfather (?) was that way; his unsociability went to the point where he had all his meals served in his room."

Saturday

Prolonged insomnia. Keen suffering in my pride; it could even lead to madness if daylight did not come soon enough. Yes, that position was easy enough to take; it is cruelly painful to maintain.

JEgri somnia.[BQ]

Artisan of my own suffering!

When I am *well* again, I shall blush at these confessions. Let's get to work.

Headache; sort of screen between me and *thoughts.*

Oh, really, can't I demand more of myself?

Monday

Terrible night; I had stayed up until one o'clock hoping that fatigue would win out over insomnia. After a rather good session of work I go to bed with a calm head. Impossible to sleep and progressive *cooling off* of my whole body in spite of the pile of blankets. In vain I rub myself; I put on woolen knee-pads, I pull the coverlet over me. I ought to be stifling, but I am shivering.

[B]* "The dreams of an invalid."